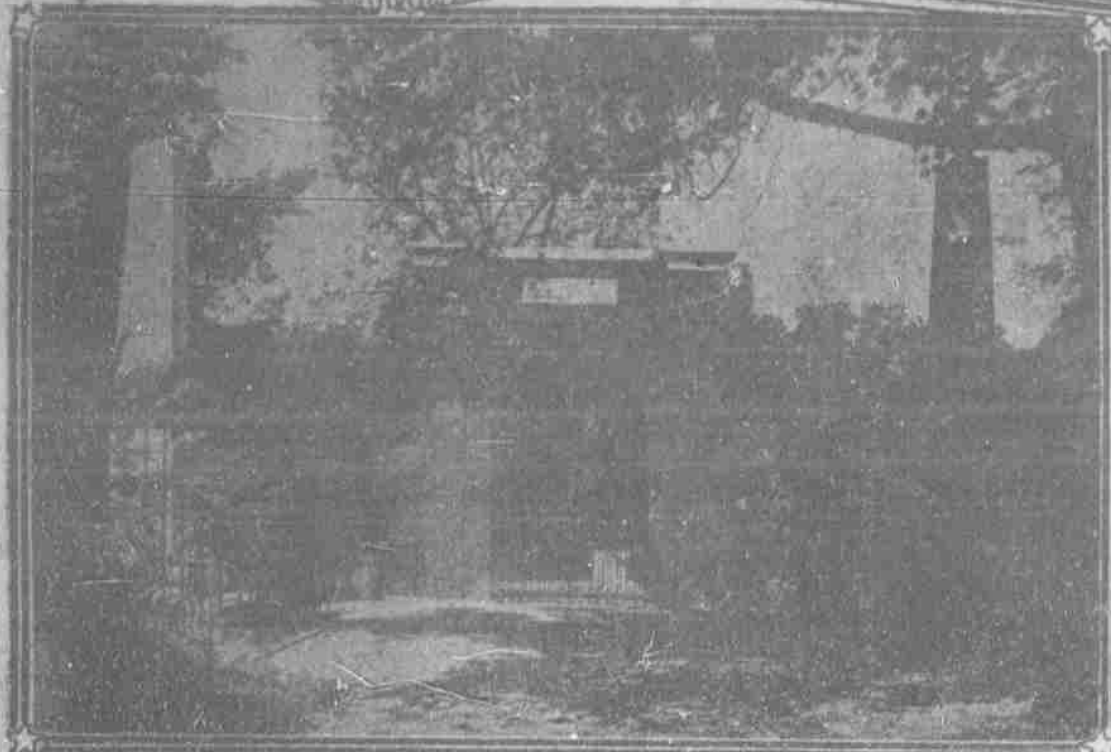


THE MT. VERNON OF TODAY

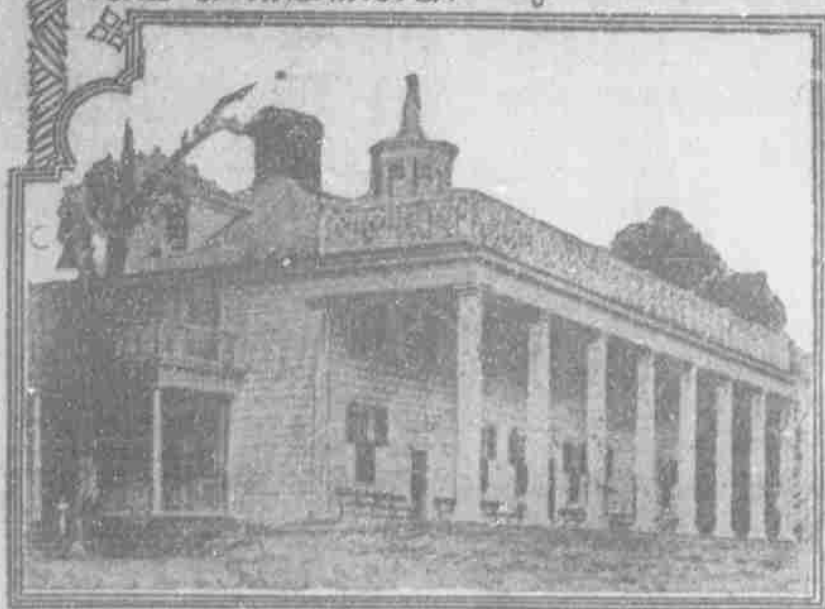
By ELLIOTT RANDALL



WASHINGTON AT MT. VERNON



TOMB OF WASHINGTON



MOUNT VERNON

THE visitor to the capital of our country finds no place so interesting as Mount Vernon, the home of Washington during the greater part of his lifetime, and the final resting place of his body. A great many people visit this place annually. It can be reached by two routes, the electric cars, which run from Washington, or by boat. This last is a favorite way, as it gives one a delightful trip on the Potomac. It is well to go one route and return the other, for in both instances historic ground is traveled to the very gates of Mount Vernon—that spot filled with sacred memories.

Mount Vernon at first view presents a noble appearance. It stands on a hill 150 feet in height and the first glimpse reveals the house which one recognizes instantly. As the steamer nears the landing place and passes the tomb of Washington flags are lowered at half-mast and the bell is tolled, a custom said to have originated when a commodore of the British navy, as a mark of respect, ordered his ship's bell tolled when he passed Mount Vernon.

A world of history lies in this spot. Mount Vernon as it stands today embraces but 237 acres, a small part of the original estate which, by grant of Lord Culpeper in 1674, became the property of John Washington. From John Washington half of the estate descended to Lawrence Washington and it was he who built the house and named it Mount Vernon in honor of Lord Vernon, the British admiral under whom he had served. Later the property fell to George Washington, who purchased adjoining land.

In 1799, when George Washington died, the property passed as a life interest to his wife and later Bushrod Washington, John Augustine Washington and John A. Washington, Jr., followed in succession as owners of Mount Vernon. In 1855 the owner, though possessed of a large estate hallowed by sacred memories and associations, felt he was unable to maintain it, as it was not productive of material benefits. Both the national government and the state of Virginia were approached in regard to purchasing it. Finally through an agitation started by Ann Pamela Cunningham the Mount Vernon Ladies' association of the Union was organized and 200 acres of the Mount Vernon estate, including the tomb, man-

tion, attendant buildings and wharf, were purchased for \$200,000.

The approach is through a gateway to an attractive green, which extends to the mansion. To the left and right are flower and kitchen gardens and many old trees, which were planted by Washington and his guests. One in particular is a large magnolia, which was set out by Washington in 1799, the year in which he died. George Washington enlarged the original villa, built by Lawrence Washington, by increasing its length and height, completing its improvements in 1786. Its foundation walls are of stone and brick, the framework oak and the sheathing pine, painted and stained to resemble stone. The roof is of cypress shingles and a spacious and well-drained cellar underlies the whole house.

This is Mount Vernon and the large brass knocker on the central door of the west front indicates that this was the usual point of approach to the mansion. Nearly in the sun dial in the center of a spacious court, flanked by several frame buildings consisting of kitchen and offices, which are joined to the main buildings by colonnades.

When the threshold is crossed what mingled feelings of awe and respect fill the heart! How the thoughts fly as the relics displayed in the different rooms are viewed!

Several of the states have restored the various rooms at their own expense and many objects of the past greet the visitor. Here is the key to the Bastille, the prison so famous during the French revolution. Lafayette presented this to Washington in 1789 as a "trophy of the spoils of despotism." There is the music room with the harpsichord which George Washington presented to Nellie Custis as a wedding present. In the room is the original Chippendale sideboard and the iron fireback brought to this country by Lord Fairfax, friend of Washington.

Every room in the old mansion contains something of historical interest, but visitors are naturally drawn to the room in which Washington died. Here is the big four-posted bed upon which he lay when death overtook him. The quaint canopy and fixings of the bed have been restored and some of Washington's personal effects add much to the impressiveness of the spot. Among these are his military chest and camp equipment.

The family kitchen, with its quaint colored dishes, iron kettles and swinging cranes, is a point of interest, while the smoke house nearby, larder and spring house show that many guests were fed and much material prepared to clothe the slaves and provide for the general use of the family. Each is fitted up in the style of the time in which Washington lived. Among all the charms of the home of Washington not one can eclipse the ideal flower garden, with its box hedges indelibly marking the walks and flower beds as in the past.

Guests of distinction were invited to plant

trees, shrubs and flowers, mementoes of their visits. Lafayette and Jefferson have leafy monuments here, and the roses named by Washington for his mother and others named for him and Nellie Custis still flourish. At the end of the long walk in the garden is the little schoolhouse in which the Custis children were taught.

The oldest building is the barn, erected in 1733 by George Washington's father. The English brick are laid in strong mortar made of oyster shell lime, and here were kept the coach and saddle horses. The white chariot, as the traveling coach was called, was kept in a carriage house nearby. South of the mansion on a brow of the hill overlooking the Potomac is the summer house. It contains a beautiful view of the river and its deep cellar was once used as an ice house. Nearby is the deer paddock, which has been stocked with Virginia deer.

Though a tour of inspection develops historical attractions at every turn, the chief point of interest on the grounds is the new tomb of Washington, which stands several yards distant from the old mausoleum that once held the ashes of the Washington family. It is beautifully located in a clump of trees and flowering plants and vines surround it on all sides.

This simple yet eloquent statement marks its importance. It was planned by George Washington and built by his executors. Within the iron portals one may see the catafalque that contains the remains of Washington and the sarcophagus that holds the body of his wife. In the rear of the tomb is an iron door that opens into the receptacle that contains the remains of others of the Washington family. The iron grating that closes the outside entrance has been heightened, for at one time a vandal attempted to climb over it. The gate is locked and the key is said to have been buried in the Potomac. To the memory of Bushrod Washington and John Augustine Washington, successors to the general, marble shafts were erected in front of the tomb.

An old negro stands near at hand and for many years has discoursed to visitors on the spot and its surroundings.

The simplicity of the tomb is characteristic of the man and those that gaze upon the resting place of the great hero instinctively speak in whispers and are awed by the memories associated with the place. One is bewitched and enthralled with the place and lingers long on this spot. There reposes that which is mortal of him who was as brave a warrior, as staunch a patriot and as able a statesman as ever lived.

Clung to His Queue

Speaking of Wu Ting-fang's published announcement that he would part with his queue in the near future, a former resident of a New England manufacturing town said: "Times have certainly changed. Twenty years ago a Chinese youth who had learned to speak English fairly well and who was sick of the laundry applied for work in my factory. He was the first of his race to do so in our town, and after talking the matter over I concluded to give him a trial. Fearing that the queue might be a source of danger near machinery, I suggested that he have it cut off. After two weeks' deliberation he came to me and said, 'Stay in laundry.' A few weeks later he left town and I never saw him again, but I heard that his having considered my proposition made him so unpopular that he had to leave the place."

FLIGHT OF ELIJAH

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 10, 1913
Specially Arranged for This Paper

PERSON TEXT—1 Kings 18:41-46.
Memory Verse 11-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. 40:31.

TIME—The day after the scene on Mount Carmel, B. C. 850 (or 855), in the wilderness, and 40 years later on Mount.

PLACE—1. Jezreel, one of the royal residences, 20 miles northeast of Samaria. 2. The wilderness beyond Beer-sheba, 40 miles southwest of Jerusalem, 100 miles from Jezreel. 3. Horeb, one of the mountains of Sinai.

In our last lesson we left Elijah running before Ahab's chariot from Carmel to Jezreel, one of the royal residences, while the blessed rain was refreshing the whole country, an emblem of what God would do spiritually for the nation. Elijah was too wise to enter the fair of the tigers. But Ahab told Jezebel. We can imagine the bitter oburgations which she poured upon her cowering husband for having stood quietly by while her prophets and Baal's prophets were being massacred by a rebellious people.

Then Jezebel, scornfully ignoring her husband, and undefeated, what-ever may have happened to her prophets, in the intensity of her rage, bound herself by an oath like that of the forty Jews who bound themselves that they would not eat or drink till they had slain Paul and sent a messenger unto Elijah. She felt that Elijah was in her power. He fled and his servant went with him.

Elijah was a brave man if ever there was one, but he was not a braggadocho. He was brave enough to let the ignorant think he was a coward. His going was not a sign of cowardice, but of wisdom and common sense. Christ himself bade his disciples, "When ye are persecuted in one city flee ye to another," kindle the divine fires elsewhere, and there shall be two flames instead of one. "Elijah flies only when he has done the mighty work of God, and only when the life is in deadly peril which he would fain save for future emergencies of service."

He went a day's journey into the wilderness. He would be alone, without even his servant, in this Gethsemane, as Christ when he went in his agony to pray alone. He requested for himself that he might die. He had hoped to accomplish the deliverance of the people, but he was terribly disappointed. Jezebel still had power. Heatherham would still flourish. All his efforts had been but trying to dam Niagara with bulrushes. "All thy labors have gone over me." He lay down and slept, utterly worn out, and exhausted.

God gave him his beloved sleep, and who knows what dreams and visions shone in the darkness. Rest for mind and body. God sent him a friend. Behold, then an angel touched him. God's messenger, human or angelic. More probably the latter, one of the "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Elijah's loneliness was broken. He was not forgotten.

The outward, visible manifestations of power, whether in the natural or spiritual world, while necessary in their time and place, are but the smaller results of the power that produced them. For instance, in the natural world, the storms however great, express but the slightest effects of the air, which gives life to all living beings, men, beasts, trees. This world without air would be as dead as the moon.

How feeble the lightning compared with the silent invisible work of electricity lighting our cities and homes, driving our machinery, carrying our messages over the wires. It used to be thought that the upheaval of the continents and the rearing of the great mountains was due to cataclysms and conflagrations and vast explosions of volcanic force. It has long been known that they are due only in part to these, but chiefly to the inconceivably slow modifications produced by water, and air and heat.

So long as all real progress in religion, in reform, in the coming of the kingdom of God, lies always in a change of will, of character, so long the change must be made by motives, and moral influences, not by force. "The lion shall lie down with the lamb," but only when the lion's nature is so changed that it loves to eat grass like the ox, and does not want to eat the lamb.

Elijah was to return, not yet to Israel, but around it to the wilderness of Damascus. Damascus was on the borders of the desert. Here he would be beyond the dominions of Ahab. He was not for the present to enter into the scene of danger, but to do his work from without. Gradually better times came; and we find him in the kingdom, and the schools of the prophets flourishing. Anoint. It was customary to set apart, by anointing kings and prophets. It often means merely to set apart for some special service of God.

Hazael was known as the confidential officer of Benhadad, king of Syria at that time. He was set apart to be the instrument of punishing Israel for their sins. He was the storm and the fire that went before the voice of the Lord.

It is for us to be cheered by God's method of cheering, and then to pass on the encouragement, and cheer others by the cheer whereby God has cheered us. The coach of the Harvard football team in an address to the students, said, "Cheering is the most important factor in the success of the team."

COLDS

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HER TROUBLE.

She—How's your wife?
He—Her head troubles her a good deal.
She—Neuralgia?
He—No; she wants a new hat.

How Pat Proved It.

An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad. The doctor looked at him for a while and then said:

"How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?"

Pat looked about the room and at last said: "Well, doctor, do ye see that nail on the wall?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," then replied Pat, "I can't."

—Chicago Tribune.

HEREDITY Can Be Overcome in Cases.

The influence of heredity cannot, of course, be successfully disputed, but it can be minimized or entirely overcome in some cases by correct food and drink. A Conn. lady says:

"For years while I was a coffee drinker I suffered from bilious attacks of great severity, from which I used to emerge as white as a ghost and very weak. Our family physician gave me various prescriptions for improving the digestion and stimulating the liver, which I tried faithfully but without perceptible result.

"He was acquainted with my family history for several generations back, and once when I visited him he said: 'If you have inherited one of those torpid livers you may always suffer more or less from its inaction. We can't dodge our inheritance, you know.'

"I was not so strong a believer in heredity as he was, however, and, beginning to think for myself, I concluded to stop drinking coffee, and see what effect that would have. I feared it would be a severe trial to give it up, but when I took Postum and had it well made, it completely filled my need for a hot beverage and I grew very fond of it.

"I have used Postum for three years, using no medicine. During all that time I have had absolutely none of the bilious attacks that I used to suffer from, and I have been entirely free from the pain and debilitating effects that used to result from them.

"The change is surely very great, and I am compelled to give Postum the exclusive credit for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pops. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.